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# *The Pathfinder*

—  
SEPTEMBER, 1909  
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*AUSTIN DOBSON: POET*  
*A THUMB-NAIL APPRECIATION*

*By* NIGEL TOURNEUR



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# ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Subscriptions for volume four, beginning July, 1909, are fifty cents in advance, and are taken for the complete year only. After January 1 the rate will be one dollar. Foreign subscriptions are 25 cents additional.

Volume one is no longer in print. A few copies purchased privately have sold for three dollars each.

Of volume two there are less than fifty copies on hand. The price of this is now two dollars.

The price of volume three is one dollar.

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Unless notified to discontinue at the expiration of a subscription, it is assumed that the subscription is continued.

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

# THE PATHFINDER

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GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

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Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

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## VOLUME FOUR

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The editor begs to announce for volume four of THE PATHFINDER the following prose articles : Under the general title of *Aspects of Recent Prose-Writers*, two of which have already appeared, *e. g.* Benson and Arnold, Mr. Julian Park, of Williams College, will write on Ruskin, Hearn, Wilde, Henley, Symonds and Hardy ; Mr. G. B. Rose will continue his art essays with criticisms on Poelemburg, Albert Moore, Palma Vecchio, Mantegna and Albert Dürer ; Miss Jeannette Marks, of Mt. Holyoke College, will contribute a series of short essays under the title *Lyra Mortis : the English Pastoral Elegy* ; brief appreciations of the pastoral lyric from the pen of one of America's most delightful writers in that field, J. R. Hayes, of Swarthmore College ; a series on the French lyric by the editor ; occasional articles on subjects pertinent to the purpose of the little journal have been promised by some of the leading English and American essayists.

THE PATHFINDER in its inclusion of poetry will endeavor to maintain the general level of excellence which has won for it the high approval of a well-known English poet.

During the year special numbers will be devoted to Tennyson and Petrarca.

# *The Pathfinder*

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Vol. IV]

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## *LONGING*

By THOMAS S. JONES, Jr.

Can this be summer, though the gentle heat  
Has swept the roses on a wind of June,  
And borne their fragrance to my aimless feet  
That go unheeding 'neath a ghostly moon.

And all the poplars vague and motionless,  
And all the lights soft in a silver-gray;  
Can this be so, and with such loveliness —  
Can this be summer, dear, with you away?

So hushed, so quiet where the shadows throng  
Across the pool between the starlight's stain,  
Watching in silence all the still night long,  
Watching in silence, and for you in vain.

Summer and starlight and an hour grown late,—  
And you who will not come, and I who wait!

AUSTIN DOBSON: POET  
A THUMB-NAIL APPRECIATION

By NIGEL TOURNEUR

In poetry as in everything else there are fashions, though the matter of it ever remains constant. The robust taste of this decade prefers the *Barrack Room Ballads* to what Mr. Stedman once called 'patrician rhymes.' Bohemia seems to be receding into a discreditable past. The makers of present-day poetry are plain blunt men in decent business suits, and cast a severe eye on fops and others punctilious of 'good form' in the narrow sense of artifice. The earnest singers of rondeaux and triolets are becoming fast forgotten. The 'Dobson' school is not surviving. Yet Mr. Dobson's poetry still retains its proper conspicuousness. This dilettant, with his finicking love of form, has written poetry that, amongst other things, is not too good for advertising canned foods and cereals!

His position was defined early with *Proverbs in Porcelain* (1887), the first issue of which is now so sought after by collectors of *belle lettres*, and since then the charm and fascination of his

verse have not failed. Influenced somewhat by Prior and Praed, and ever so slightly by Alfred de Musset, his *Old World Idylls* (1883), and later volumes, *At the Sign of the Lyre* (1888), and *Collected Poems* (1897), secured him his definite place among the poets. The charm of its dedication reveals the charm of the poet and the man.—

To you I sing, whom towns immure,  
And bonds of toil hold fast and sure;—  
To you across whose aching sight  
Come woodlands bathed in April light,  
And dreams of pastime premature.

And you, O Sad, who still endure  
Some wound that only Time can cure,—  
To you, in watches of the night,—  
To you, I sing!

But most to you with eyelids pure,  
Scarce witting yet of love or lure;—  
To you, with bird-like glances bright,  
Half-paused to speak, half-poised in flight;—  
O English Girl, divine, demure,  
To you, I sing.

Though Mr. Dobson's outlook on life and living is inspired by jocose epicureanism, his range is as wide as he is catholic in his sympathies. The ways of the world, A. D., 1400, finds as subtle an appreciation with him as those in 1883 or 1907. He is the joyous writer of cheerfulness and good living, and healthy pleas-

ures and the troubles of youth. His work in the main may be divided into two sections broadly represented by *The Dying of Tanneguy du Bois*—the crusader—with its memorable lines—

Yea, I had hoped once more to hear him call,  
The curly-pate, who, rushen lance in rest,  
Stormed at the lilies by the orchard wall;—  
*There is no bird in any last year's nest.*

And by *An Autumn Idyll*—

Hist! That's a pike. Look—nose against the river.  
Gæunt as a wolf,—the sly old privateer!  
Enter a gudgeon. Snap,—a gulp, a shiver;—  
Exit the gudgeon. Let us anchor here.

or again—

Mine is a Lady, beautiful and queenly,  
Crowned with a sweet, continual control,  
Grandly forbearing, lifting life serenely  
E'en to her own nobility of soul.

The first selection is the achievement of a scholar who is a poet: the second, of a poet who is a scholar. It is hard to say, in which he is at his best; whether the charms of the past or the expression of the present best move his muse. Perhaps the fascinations of the past together with his quaint archaisms and accentuation of mere intellectual cleverness charm one

less than his verse on contemporary themes. Yet his best work deals with the past ; and, too, with childhood, as in *The Story of Rosina* and *The Drama of the Doctor's Window*.

But to appreciate the poet's power of reviving the romances of former times with their local color and atmosphere the reader requires knowledge. His eighteenth century vignettes—*Beau Brocade*, *The Story of Rosina*, *Une Marquise*, and others,—not only assume in the poet's wording that—

. . . . We are friends. Assume  
A common taste for old costume,  
Old pictures,—books. Then dream us sitting,—  
Us two,—in some soft lighted room,—

but also a fair knowledge of Fielding, Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith ; Walpole and his *Letters* and friends ; Abbé Prévost, the Pompadour, and the gay French court of the later Louis. Yet so intimately has the poet assimilated his subject matter that they who are not versed may read and enjoy.

It is in 'society verse' that the versatility of his imagination and of his metrical skill is most abundantly shown.—

Just for a space that I met her —  
Just for an hour in the train !

It began when she feared it would wet her,  
 That tiniest spurtle of rain:  
 So we tucked a great rug in the sashes,  
 And carefully padded the pane;  
 And I sorrow in sackcloth and ashes,  
 Longing to do it again!

. . . . .  
 And that's how I lost her—a jewel,  
*Incognita*—one in a crowd,  
 Nor prudent enough to be cruel,  
 Nor worldly enough to be proud.  
 It was just a shut lid and its lashes,  
 Just a few hours in a train,  
 And I sorrow in sackcloth and ashes  
 Longing to see her again.

The words drop fittingly into their places, and form the only words in the best order. Though perhaps Mr. Dobson's turn for epithet and felicities of expression are better exemplified in his verses to a butterfly.—

I watch you through the garden walks,  
 I watch you float between  
 The avenues of dahlia stalks,  
 And flicker on the green;  
 You hover round the garden seat,  
 You mount, you waver. Why,—  
 Why storm us in our still retreat,  
 O saffron Butterfly!

Across the room in loops of flight  
 I watch you wayward go;  
 Dance down a shaft of glancing light,  
 Review my books a-row;

Before the bust you flaunt and flit  
Of "blind Maeonides"—  
Ah, trifler, on his lips there lit  
Not butterflies, but bees!

Though this 'patrician' poet shows the lightest  
gaiety and airiest humor in his *Au Revoir* and,  
especially, *Tu Quoque*, together with *Ad Rosam*  
with its spirited and dainty quip—

You snared me, Rose, with ribbons,  
Your rose-mouth made me thrall,  
Brief—briefer far than Gibbon's,  
Was my "Decline and Fall"—

he has his pathos, too, and that rendered in a  
reticence of form and emotion—if poetry is  
ever emotional without losing 'good form.'—

He had played for his lordship's levee,  
He had played for her ladyship's whim,  
Till the poor little head was heavy,  
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,  
And the large eyes strange and bright,  
And they said—too late—"He is weary!  
He shall rest for, at least, To-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,  
As they watched in the silent room,  
With the sound of a strained chord breaking,  
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,  
And they heard him stir in his bed:—

—  
 “ Make room for a tired little fellow,  
 Kind God ! ” was the last that he said.

This poem, *The Child Musician*, is the measure of Mr. Dobson's sympathy and charm in childhood—the former, not childish, and the latter, not maudlin.

Both are also revealed in *The Drama of the Doctor's Window*, by touches, sure, full of insight and artistry. Reading at random, take, for example, that of the motherless child—

Dressed in a stiff ill-fitting frock,  
 Whose black, uncomely rigour  
 Sardonicly seemed to mock  
 The plaintive, slender figure.

or the boy—

. . . . with curling hair,  
 Ripe lips, half-drawn asunder,  
 And round, bright eyes, that wore a stare  
 Of frankest childish wonder.

again in Act II—

The boy, it seemed, to add a force  
 To words found unavailing,  
 Had pushed a striped and spotted horse  
 Half through the blistered paling,  
 Where now it stuck, stiff-legged and straight,  
 While he, in exultation,  
 Chattered some half-articulate  
 Excited explanation.

Meanwhile, the girl, with upturned face,  
Stood motionless, and listened ;  
The ill-cut frock had gained a grace,  
The pale hair almost glistened ;  
The figure looked alert and bright,  
Buoyant as though some power  
Had lifted it, as rain at night  
Uplifts a drooping flower.

or in Act III—

Half raised above the window sill,  
I saw the lattice quiver ;  
And lo, once more appeared the head,  
Flushed, while the round mouth pouted ;  
“Give Tom a kiss,” the red lips said,  
In style the most undoubted.

The girl came back without a thought ;  
Dear Muse of Mayfair, pardon,  
If more restraint had not been taught  
In this neglected garden ;  
For these your code was all too stiff,  
So, seeing none dissented,  
Their unfeigned faces met as if  
Manners were not invented.

Of exotic forms, Mr. Dobson is responsible for the models in the ‘French manner,’ which had so great a vogue a short generation ago. They come trippingly to his pen. He is too clever to be a great poet. His it is to be too ingenious in his inspiration ; to apply much industry ; to polish and refine.—

—  
 Chicken-skin, delicate, white,  
 Painted by Carlo Vanloo,  
 Loves in a riot of light,  
 Roses and vaporous blue;  
 Hark to the dainty frou-frou!  
 Picture above if you can,  
 Eyes that could melt as the dew,—  
 This was the Pompadour's fan!

The distinction of this is impeachable. Than this poem, Mr. Dobson, who has almost ceased to imitate himself, has never achieved anything so undeniably good. It is responsible for the effusions of innumerable imitators.

Few forms are so easy to write as triolets; yet only an infinity of care and labor obtains the necessary ease and artistry.—

Rose kissed me to-day.  
 Will she kiss me to-morrow?  
 Let it be as it may,  
 Rose kissed me to-day.  
 But the pleasure gives way  
 To a savour of sorrow;—  
 Rose kissed me to-day,—  
 Will she kiss me to-morrow?

None of the 'patrician' school have excelled their master in this triolet—nor in the other exotic structures of verse, including the villanelle. One may give but a single example of Mr. Dobson's idyllic and dainty flights in the French manner.—

---

*ON A NANKIN PLATE*

"Ah me, but it might have been!  
Was there ever so dismal a fate?"—  
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

"Such a maid as she was never seen!  
She passed, though I cried to her 'Wait,'—  
Ah me, but it might have been!"

"I cried, O my Flower, my Queen,  
Be mine! 'Twas precipitate!"  
Quoth the little blue mandarin,—

"But then . . . she was just sixteen,—  
Long-eyed,—as a lily straight,—  
Ah me, but it might have been!"

"As it was, from her palanquin,  
She laughed—'You're a week too late!'"  
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

"That is why, in a mist of spleen  
I mourn on this Nankin Plate.  
Ah me, but it might have been!"—  
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

Against this exquisite masterpiece in exotic  
form nothing but Passerat's inimitable, immortal  
*J'ay perdu* is comparable.

*SONG OF CHILDHOOD DAYS*

By ALONZO RICE

Oh! the song of childhood days,  
'Tis the sweetest of all lays,  
And I love to go and sing it back among the  
    pleasant ways,  
Where the clearest waters flow,  
And the fairest flowers blow,  
Down the valleys and the meadows of the happy  
    long ago.

There the robin high a-tilt  
Gave to me his joyous lilt  
When the wooing wind from violets the crystal  
    dewdrops spilt;  
Black-eyed crickets in the grass  
Sang to those who chanced to pass,  
When the mounted sun was glowing like a bowl of  
    burnished brass!

Oh! the splendor of that noon,  
When the fields began to swoon  
In a dream of summer rapture with the locusts  
    all a-croon;  
River-ripples, cool and sweet,  
Kissed the little sun-burnt feet,  
And the broad fields glowed and glimmered in  
    the waves of dazzling heat!

With the quiet shades of eve,  
When the night began to weave  
A coronal of splendor, and the lowing kine to leave  
Fields where they had fed all day,  
Winding up the well-known way,

---

Came a melody of music from the whip-poor-will's  
far lay!

Still the forest-land retains  
All the pleasing, sweet refrains,  
And the flowered fields grow fragrant at the kiss  
of summer rains;  
Still the sparkling brooklets fall  
'Mid lush grasses growing tall,  
And the locust nicks the silence with its sharp  
staccato call.

Oh! the song of childhood days,  
'Tis the sweetest of all lays,  
And I love to go and sing it back among the  
pleasant ways;  
There the music of the wrens,  
With the ripples in the glens,  
Join the lay of sweet thanksgiving that from out  
my soul ascends!

---

### *THE MIRACLE OF MORN*

*By ALONZO RICE*

From gray to gold, the clouds that rise  
In eastern heavens dim and cold,  
Are turning now in sweet surprise,  
From gray to gold.  
Where shadows stretch across the wold,  
A wakened songster softly tries  
What charm the drowsy echoes hold.  
With titan sweep and gorgeous dyes  
The dawn, with master touches bold,  
Transmutes the earth, the seas, the skies,  
From gray to gold!

*MA BELLE, MIGNON**By ALONZO RICE*

When she waved me her hand  
So demurely and sweet,  
All the earth was so grand,  
When she waved me her hand,  
And the ashes were fanned  
From my heart, and it beat  
When she waved me her hand  
So demurely and sweet.

Such a dainty ma belle,  
With a bonnet of blue;  
I declare I can't tell  
Such a dainty ma belle,  
Of emotions that dwell  
In my mind, when I woo  
Such a dainty ma belle,  
With a bonnet of blue.

In the depths of dark eyes  
Of this charming mignon,  
A sweet languor there lies  
In the depths of dark eyes,  
And it seems a surprise  
That is hinting of dawn,  
In the depths of dark eyes  
Of this charming mignon.

*OLD WINE TO DRINK**VI—RICHARD LOVELACE**By FRANK WALLER ALLEN*

Whatever else Richard Lovelace may have left to posterity, it remains that his very name precisely describes the kind of lyric verses, with their *naïve* artificiality, he and others of his time and ilk gave to the world of letters. Lovelace: what a *frou-frou* of a name! What delightful fancies of wanton, delectable *lingerie* it brings to mind! There are certain delicate, fragrant, fragile old laces, coquettish, charmingly wicked, which greatly add to the zest of, and make more provokingly alluring, the *grande passion* itself. They are love's laces, if you will. Laces of love, of the hey-day of youth, of the tender kisses of the red, splendid lips of pretty girls and lustful lovers. All of which, in calmer moments, suggests certain poets, ever young and ever sportive, and their wares.

The court of Charles I of England seemed to be productive of these philosophical swash-bucklers who carried a sword in one hand and a quill in the other. They were noted for gallantry, intrigue, physical courage, and poetry.

They could fight a duel, lead an army to battle, make love to a dozen women in the course of a day, and write lyrics while waiting for dinner to be served. Among this goodly company we find our splendid Sir John Suckling; our old-fashioned Thomas Carew, and our dandy with the lyrical name, Richard Lovelace.

Dick Lovelace was a dandy in an age of dandies. He found himself very much the fashion, not only in poetry, but in clothing. It is very pleasing to know that though a gallant and faultless love's man he was, there also a bit of the primitive slumbered which, now-and-then, would break forth and play sad havoc for a day with the favorite of court society. The truth seems that beneath the surface there was a more genuine man who longed for simpler and rougher things than the vacuous, sensual world in which he lived, had to offer. At any rate, Dick would go roughing it down to Kent, where he was born, and live as a rustic for a week or more. Usually the bout would start with some orgy and end with sylvian simplicity. His friends did not mind the carousal, but they thought it foolishly sinful to play the shepherd. . . . This mood of a rich desire to throw off all restrictions and conventions, and become, for a

day, delightfully wicked, is not difficult to understand. It is a thing a man must whip-out for himself. He is alone in it, and no one can help — sometimes not even Allah.

You know about all the difference there is between some of the old lyric poetry of Shakespeare's time and thereabouts, is tweedledum and tweedledee. One man might have consistently written the whole of it. With but very few exceptions this is true of the work of Lovelace. The most of it is the purposeless, pretty, lace-effect which possessed not enough individuality to distinguish it from anything of Suckling's or Carew's. . . The best of it, however, has a lightness of touch and an optimistic philosophy in the face of life's little common sournesses which makes it refreshing and restful. . . . We will never forget *To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.*—

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,—  
The first foe in the field,  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore,—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

Then there is his even more beautiful *To Althea*. Here Lovelace is at his best, and here we love him best when we are hungry for lyric beauty.—

When love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair,  
And fettered to her eye,—  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.



### THE LOST ROSARY

By INA LORD McDAVITT

It was not kind to take from me  
My string of beads — my rosary!  
I said my prayers there in the sun;  
I told my beads off one by one;  
For every bead that I let fall  
I whispered, "keep him safe through all!"  
They came and took my beads away!  
They said, "Poor child!" What did they say?  
They said, "Poor child!" and took my hand,  
"If she could weep," I understand  
I had not said my prayers that day,  
And so — they took my beads away!  
I had not thought the priest could see  
In place of prayers — ah, woe is me!  
My love's name on my rosary!

*COLLECTED FOR COMMON BENEFIT\***By* RICHARD DE BURY

Nothing in human affairs is more unjust than that those things which are most righteously done, should be perverted by the slanders of malicious men, and that one should bear the reproach of sin where he has rather deserved the hope of honour. Many things are done with singleness of eye, the right hand knoweth not what the left hand doth, the lump is uncorrupted by leaven, nor is the garment woven of wool and linen; and yet by the trickery of perverse men a pious work is mendaciously transformed into some monstrous act. Certes, such is the unhappy condition of sinful nature, that not merely in acts that are morally doubtful it adopts the worse conclusion; but often it depraves by iniquitous subversion those which have the appearance of recitude.

For although the love of books from the nature of its object bears the aspect of goodness, yet, wonderful to say, it has rendered us obnoxious to the censures of many, by whose

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\* Being the eighteenth chapter of *The Philobiblon*, written in 1344 and first printed in 1473.

astonishment we were disparaged and censured, now for excess of curiosity, now for the exhibition of vanity, now for intemperance of delight in literature; though indeed we were no more disturbed by their vituperation than by the barking of so many dogs, satisfied with the testimony of Him to whom it appertaineth to try the hearts and reins. For as the aim and purpose of our inmost will is inscrutable to men and is seen of God alone, the searcher of hearts, they deserved to be rebuked for their pernicious temerity, who so eagerly set a mark of condemnation upon human acts, the ultimate springs of which they cannot see. For the final end in matters of conduct holds the same position as first principles in speculative science or axioms in mathematics, as the chief of philosophers, Aristotle, points out in the seventh book of the *Ethics*. And therefore, just as the truth of our conclusions depends upon the correctness of our premises, so in matters of action the stamp of moral rectitude is given by the honesty of aim and purpose, in cases where the act itself would otherwise be held to be morally indifferent.

Now we have long cherished in our heart of hearts the fixed resolve, when Providence should grant a favourable opportunity, to found

in perpetual charity a Hall in the reverend university of Oxford, the chief nursing mother of all liberal arts, and to endow it with the necessary revenues, for the maintenance of a number of scholars; and moreover to enrich the Hall with the treasures of our books, that all and every of them should be in common as regards their use and study, not only to the scholars of the said Hall, but by their means to all the students of the before-named university for ever, in the form and manner which the following chapter shall declare. Wherefore the sincere love of study and zeal for the strengthening of the orthodox faith to the edifying of the Church, have begotten in us that solicitude so marvellous to the lovers of pelf, of collecting books wherever they were to be purchased, regardless of expense, and of having those that could not be bought fairly transcribed.

For as the favourite occupations of men are variously distinguished according to the disposition of the heavenly bodies, which frequently control our natural composition, so that some men choose to devote themselves to architecture, others to agriculture, others to hunting, others to navigation, others to war, others to games, we have under the aspect of Mercury enter-

—

tained a blameless pleasure in books, which under the rule of right reason, over which no stars are dominant, we have ordered to the glory of the Supreme Being, that where our minds found tranquillity, and peace, thence also might spring a most devout service of God. And therefore let our detractors cease, who are as blind men judging of colours; let not bats venture to speak of light; and let not those who carry beams in their own eyes presume to pull the mote out of their brother's eye. Let them cease to jeer with satirical taunts at things of which they are ignorant, and to discuss hidden things that are not revealed to the eyes of men; who perchance would have praised and commended us, if we had spent our time in hunting, dice-playing, or courting the smiles of ladies.

—++—

### *YOUTH*

*By THOMAS S. JONES, JR.*

I shall remember then,  
At twilight time or in the hush of dawn,  
Or yet, mayhap, when on a straying wind  
The scent of lilac comes, or when  
Some strain of music startles and is gone.

Old dreams, old roses, all so far behind,  
Blossoms and birds and ancient shadow-trees,

—  
Whispers at sunset, the low hum of bees,  
And sheep that graze beneath a Summer sun.  
Will they too come, they who in yester-year  
Walked the same paths and in the first of Spring,  
And shall I hear  
Their distant voices murmuring?

I shall remember then  
When youth is done,  
With the dim years grown gray;  
And I shall wonder what it is that ends,  
And why they seem so very far away—  
Old dreams, old roses—and old friends.



### *A SEA SHELL*

*By CLINTON SCOLLARD*

You speak to me  
Of the long plunge and welter of the sea;  
Likewise you are  
Oracular  
Of its low melody.  
You voice its laughing moods,  
Its lyric interludes,  
Its secresies, its sorceries, its mysteries,  
Its tragic histories.  
Aye, all that it has breathed, may breathe, shall  
breathe,  
You unto me bequeath;  
Thus am I made the fair inheritor  
Of that rare essence of true harmony  
Which many a land-girt exile hungers for,—  
The sea!

## Recent Publications

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.—*The White Mice*. There is always something real about Mr. Davis' characters that gives verisimilitude to his adventure tales and this little Venezuelan insurrection is no exception. It is a capital story. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1909.

MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT.—*Poppea of the Post-Office*. Seldom does one find in these days better novel-reading. There is a keen edge to the reader's interest in the tale, but the real charm lies in the quaint and loveable characters of the book. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909.

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CHARLES F. WARWICK.—*Robespierre and the French Revolution*. The third and concluding volume of the author's presentment of the French Revolution in its three periods and the principal representative of each, Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre. Each book, however, is complete in itself. In this book is given in language, terse and forceful, a dramatic picture of the period of Robespierre and the conflict of the forces leading up to it. With many illustrations from the rare Latta collection of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. 1909.

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